THE

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DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* COPENHAGEN.

[Extracted from the Tranſlation from the German of Kuttner's Travels through Denmark, Sweden, &c. publiſhed by Mr. Phillips.]

COPENHAGEN is a handſome city; and is certainly one of the fineſt capitals in Europe. For its preſent beauty, it is indebted to two dreadful conflagrations; one of which occurred in 1728, and the other in 1794. The former deſtroyed 1650 private houſes, beſides churches and other public edifices; and the latter conſumed between 900 and 1000. No part of it excepting, perhaps, two buildings, is 200 years old; and the beſt portion of the city has been erected within the laſt ſixty years.

Copenhagen is divided into three principal parts; the Old Town, the New Town, and Chriſtianſhaven. As the firſt was, for the greateſt part, deſtroyed in 1728, and again in 1794, it is, properly ſpeaking, the neweſt portion of the city. The houſes are rebuilt in a ſuperior manner, and the plan of the ſtreets has been altered; ſo that, in many places, one ſtreet now occupies the ſpace which formerly contained two. In re-conſtructing them, a peculiar method has been introduced, which I never met with before; but which, from the advantages it affords, is worthy of attention. All the corner-houſes, inſtead of forming right angles, are rounded off at the turning; and though this practice ſpoils the form of the corner-rooms in each ſtory; yet, this is a trifling conſideration, when compared with the public benefit with which it is attended.

The New Town and Chriſtianſhaven are, conſequently, the moſt ancient parts of the city; and theſe were built between the years 1588 and 1647. The ſeamen's quarter, which differs

greatly from the other portions of Copenhagen, was likewiſe erected during that period. It contains upwards of 30 ſtreets, all of which are laid out with great regularity; the houſes either conſiſt only of a ground-floor, or are but one ſtory high. Theſe huts are ſmall; but their whole appearance is far from contemptible. They are inhabited by the ſeamen belonging to the navy, and the numerous labourers employed in the dock-yard.

The New Town, as I have obſerved, is, properly ſpeaking, the moſt ancient; but to this an exception is formed by a conſiderable portion, generally called Amalienburg, (from a caſtle of that name, which formerly ſtood on this ſpot) built during the reign of the late king, between the year 1746 and 1765. In ſtrict propriety, this part ſhould be denominated Frederic's Town; for, beſides the ſpot on which the caſtle of Amalienburg and its gardens formerly ſtood, it contains ſeveral large palaces, and a great number of other reſpectable buildings. This part of the city would not make a deſpicable figure either in London or Paris, Rome or Turin, Vienna or Berlin. I was particularly ſtruck with the beauty of a ſquare, of a perfectly regular form, compoſed of four large edifices, and ſeveral ſmaller buildings; and opening into the ſame number of ſtreets. In the centre is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Frederic V. in bronze. One of the four principal edifices is inhabited by the king; another by the prince royal of Denmark; the third by the king's brother: and the fourth is the academy of naval cadets. In this quarter are likewiſe ſituated many other magnificent ſtructures, as, the reſidence of the duke of Auguſtenburg, that of Count Bernſtorf, &c. All the ſtreets round the ſquare are very fine, and contain a great number of large and remarkable buildings, of which I ſhall only mention the hoſpital, the inſtitution for lying-in women, Claſſen-houſe, and library, and Frederic's church: or, as it is more properly called, the Marble church. This part of the city appears to be appropriated to perſons of rank and property; and in like manner the Old Town is inhabited principally by ſhopkeepers and tradeſpeople of every deſcription.

The neweſt houſes in the Old Town are built of brick; and moſt of them have three ſtories, beſides the ground-floor. Their ſtyle is neat and ſimple; but many are embelliſhed with columns and pilaſters, and have other claims to architectural beauty.

Another very beautiful ſquare in Copenhagen, is the new royal market; which is not only the largeſt in this city, but one of the moſt extenſive that I have any where ſeen. It is almoſt entirely compoſed of ſtately buildings, as, the academy of painting and ſculpture; behind which is ſituated, the botanic garden, and which was formerly a royal palace, called Charlottenburg;

lottenburg; the theatre; the great hotel; the artillery houſe, &c. In the centre is a marble equeſtrian ſtatue of Chriſtian V.

The theatre is ſmall; and yet it is the only one in this comparatively extenſive city. The performances are in the Daniſh language; but the houſe is not opened excepting when the king is in town.

Religion appears to be out of faſhion at Copenhagen, as in moſt other places. Magnificent churches were formerly erected, while part of the inhabitants frequently wanted a roof to cover them; but I here obſerved that none of the churches burned down in the year 1794, have yet been touched. This conflagration began in the holm, behind the arſenal, and the cauſe has never yet been diſcovered. As this calamity reduced ſo many families to the ſtate of houſeleſs wanderers, the government ordered a great number of tents to be pitched in the fields round Copenhagen, for the reception of thoſe who were unable to procure any other aſylum. A multitude of ſmall dwellings for the poor have likewiſe been, from time to time, erected, in the ruins of the great palace. This beautiful and magnificent edifice, called Chriſtianſburg, was burned at an earlier period, in the ſame year: and nothing was left ſtanding but the bare walls and the cellars, the vaulting of which was ſo ſolid, that the fire could not penetrate. Theſe cellars are ſtill inhabited by poor people. To my knowledge, I never ſaw a more extenſive, more beautiful, and more magnificent palace; indeed, I doubt, whether I ever beheld its equal. How great, how ſublime, even amidſt its ruins! it is a regular ſquare, incloſing a court. The length of each of the principal ſides, or of the body of the edifice, is 367 feet; that of the wings 389; and the height of the former 114. Four thouſand perſons were ſuppoſed to be contained in it, when the whole court was in town; but that number is, probably, ſomewhat exaggerated. It is of brick, but the body of the building was faced with ſtone; the wings, as may now be ſeen, were only ſtuccoed; but, formerly, this muſt have been almoſt imperceptible. The walls, at their baſe, are ten feet thick, and reſt on nine or ten thouſand piles; for the ground being ſurrounded with water is ſo bad, that a ſure foundation could not otherwiſe be obtained.

The palace, like moſt buildings of this kind, conſiſted of high and low ſtories or floors, and had three of each. The loweſt part is entirely over-arched; and above this is the firſt floor. Then comes a mezzanino, entre-ſol, or half-floor, which is ſucceeded by the ſecond ſtory, formerly the apartments of the royal family. Above is another lofty ſtory, and a low floor with ſquare windows terminates the building. At the top was a baluſtrade, that went round the whole, incloſing the roof, which was of copper.

As the proportions of this edifice are well preſerved, its vaſt magnitude does not, at the firſt ſight, ſtrike the ſpectator. The eye, however, obtains a ſtandard, on obſerving that the firſt ſtory has been divided into two; and thus, a double range of dwellings is made for the poor. The windows are walled up; but two ſmaller apertures are left in each; one of which ſerves for a window to the lower, and the other to the upper apartment. Two ſtair-caſes are covered, from the top to the bottom, with marble, and have each 183 ſteps.

Chriſtianſburg affords a ſtriking demonſtration of the difference of the times, and the poverty of the preſent. This great and magnificent edifice was built by Chriſtian VI. who exacted no aid from his ſubjects towards its erection. After it was burned, extraordinary taxes were immediately impoſed, for the purpoſe of re-building it; but nothing has yet been done, and many even aſſert, that this idea is relinquiſhed, probably becauſe the expence is thought too great for the nation to be able to defray.

Since the conflagration, the walls of this building have ſuffered exceedingly, from expoſure to the weather. In the courſe of ten years, if better meaſures be not taken than have hitherto been adopted, the whole will be one vaſt ruin; and it will require immenſe ſums merely to carry away the rubbiſh, as the materials will certainly, by that time, be unfit for any other purpoſe. I have frequently viſited this palace, and rambled through it with ſenſations of regret and pleaſure.

Near Chriſtianſburg ſtands the exchange, one of the few buildings remaining from the time of Chriſtian IV. It is quite in the ancient ſtyle; but is a very extenſive edifice, 400 feet in length; and is covered with lead. Only the firſt hall is appropriated to the uſe of the merchants: it is much frequented. The other part of the baſement is occupied by ſhops. In thoſe of the four bookſellers, which are ſituated in this place, I had reaſon to remark, how very little connection there is between the neighbouring kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden. I would adviſe the traveller, who intends to viſit the latter country, to procure any maps or books relating to the language or literature of Sweden, which he may want, before his arrival at Copenhagen; for, if he expect to meet with them there, he will run a great riſk of being diſappointed.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE *of the late* DR. DARWIN.

MR. SNEYD, then of Biſhton, and a few more gentlemen of Staffordſhire, prevailed on the doctor to join them in an expedition by water, from Burton to Nottingham, and on to Newark.

Newark. They had cold proviſion on board, and plenty of wine. It was midſummer; the day ardent and ſultry. The noontide meal had been made, and the glaſs gone gaily round. It was one of thoſe *few* inſtances, in which the medical votary of the naiads tranſgreſſed his general and ſtrict ſobriety. If not abſolutely intoxicated, his ſpirits were in a ſtate of *vinous exhilaration*. On the boat approaching Nottingham within the diſtance of a few fields, he ſurpriſed his companions by ſtepping, without any previous notice, from the boat into the middle of the river, and ſwimming to ſhore. They ſaw him get upon the bank, and walk coolly over the meadows toward the town: they called to him in vain, he did not once turn his head. Anxious leſt he ſhould take a dangerous cold by remaining in his wet clothes, and uncertain or not whether he intended to deſert his party, they rowed inſtantly to the town, at which they had not deſigned to have touched, and went in ſearch of their river god.

In paſſing through the market-place they ſaw him ſtanding upon a tub, encircled by a crowd of people, and reſiſting the entreaties of an apothecary of the place, one of his old acquaintance, who was importuning him to go to his houſe, and accept of other raiments till his own could be dried. The party, on preſſing through the crowd, were ſurpriſed to hear him ſpeaking without any degree of his uſual ſtammer. "Have I not told you, my friend, that I had drank a conſiderable quantity of wine before I committed myſelf to the river. You know my general ſobriety: and, as a profeſſional man, you *ought* to know, that the *unuſual* exiſtence of *internal* ſtimulus would, in its effects upon the ſyſtem, counteract the *external* cold and moiſture."

Then, perceiving his companions near him, he nodded, ſmiled, and waved his hand, as enjoining them to ſilence, thus, without heſitation, addreſſing the populace:—"Ye men of Nottingham, liſten to me. You are ingenious and induſtrious mechanics. By your induſtry life's comforts are procured for yourſelves and families. If you loſe your health, the power of being induſtrious will forſake you. *That* you know; but you may *not* know, that to breathe freſh and changed air conſtantly, is not leſs neceſſary to preſerve health, than ſobriety itſelf. Air becomes unwholeſome in a few hours if the windows are ſhut. Open thoſe of your ſleeping-rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workſhops. Keep the windows of your work-ſhops open whenever the weather is not inſupportably cold. I have no *intereſt* in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman, and phyſician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and diſeaſe upon yourſelves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe, change it many times

in a day, by opening your windows." So saying, he returned with his party to their boat, and they pursued their voyage.

Animated Oration, delivered by Governor Morris, of New York, at the Funeral of the late General Hamilton.

THE death of this truly great and distinguished character spread gloom and indignation throughout the American states; and such was the public sentiment at New York, the place of interment, that the governor delivered the following oration previous to committing the body to the tomb:—

FELLOW CITIZENS,

If on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavour to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to suppress my own, and yet I fear that instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a bewailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to pourtray that heroic spirit which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia, he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of Washington soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men, he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in, the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted, and he obtained the command of a forlorn hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded, that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favour——no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia: he there assisted in forming that constitution, which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing that compact, he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means

of ſtrength for its own preſervation; and that in conſequence we ſhould ſhare the ſame fate as many other republics, and paſs through anarchy to deſpotiſm. We hoped better things. We confided in the good ſenſe of the American people: and, above all, we truſted in the protecting ſpirit of the Almighty. On this important ſubject he never concealed his opinion. He diſdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, expoſing to every ſtranger its inmoſt receſſes. This generous indiſcretion ſubjected him to cenſure from miſrepreſentation. His ſpeculative opinions were treated as deliberate deſigns; and yet you all know how ſtrenuous, how unremitting, were his efforts to eſtabliſh and to preſerve the conſtitution. If then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, oh! pardon that ſingle error, in a life devoted to your ſervice.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without reſources. To call them into action, and eſtabliſh order in the finances, Waſhington ſought for ſplendid talents, for extenſive information, and above all, he ſought for ſterling incorruptible integrity.—All theſe he found in Hamilton. The ſyſtem then adopted has been the ſubject of much animadverſion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered, that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumſtances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember, that the miniſter of a republic muſt bend to the will of the people. The adminiſtration which Waſhington formed, was one of the moſt efficient, one of the beſt that any country was ever bleſt with. And the reſult was a rapid advance in power and proſperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is univerſally known.

His unſuſpecting confidence in profeſſions which he believed to be ſincere, led him to truſt too much to the undeſerving. This expoſed him to miſrepreſentation. He felt himſelf obliged to reſign. The care of a riſing family, and the narrowneſs of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profeſſion for their ſupport. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public ſervice. He never loſt ſight of your intereſts.—I declare to you, before that God in whoſe preſence we are now ſo eſpecially aſſembled, that in his moſt private and confidential converſations, the ſingle objects of diſcuſſion and conſideration were your freedom and happineſs.

You well remember the ſtate of things which again called forth Waſhington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he aſked for Hamilton to be his ſecond in command. That venerable ſage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profeſſion, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its

ſource.

ſource. It was probable that he would ſoon be removed from the ſcene, and that his ſecond would ſucceed to the command. He knew by experience the importance of that place; and he thought the ſword of America might ſafely be confided in the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this ſolemn teſtimonial, that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition; and, wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his ſoul, that he would never accept of any office, unleſs in a foreign war he ſhould be called upon to expoſe his life in defence of his country. This determination was immoveable. It was his fault that his opinions and his reſolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpoſe, he was indignant at the charge that he ſought for place or power. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply ſolicitous for you. For himſelf he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by falſe profeſſions, acquire your confidence, and abuſe it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati, there lies our chief! Let him ſtill be our model. Like him, after long and painful public ſervice, let us cheerfully perform the ſocial duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence—no guile. His generous heart and hand were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar, you have loſt your brighteſt ornament. Cheriſh and imitate his example, while like him, with juſtifiable, with laudable zeal, you purſue the intereſts of your clients; remember, like him, the eternal principles of juſtice.

Fellow citizens, you have long witneſſed his profeſſional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen; you know that he never courted your favour by adulation, or the ſacrifice of his own judgement. You have ſeen him contending againſt you, and ſaving your deareſt intereſts, as it were, in ſpite of yourſelves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits reſulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this teſtimony to the benefit of my departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame.—It is all he has left—all that theſe poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treaſure to you alſo. Let it be the teſt by which to examine thoſe who ſolicit your favour. Diſregarding profeſſions, view their conduct, and on a doleful occaſion, aſk, Would Hamilton have done this thing?

You all know how he periſhed. On this laſt ſcene I cannot, I muſt not, dwell. It might excite emotions too ſtrong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the inſulted majeſty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice, for his

voice

voice you will hear no more, let me entreat you to reſpect yourſelves.

And now, ye miniſters of the everlaſting God, perform your holy office, and commit theſe aſhes of our departed brother to the boſom of the grave!

ANECDOTES *of* GENERAL FRERE.

THIS revolutionary general was the chief of thoſe banditti, who, in ſuch a barbarous manner, violated lately the laws of nations, and a neutral territory, and carried away by ſtealth, and in the darkneſs of night, a Britiſh diplomatic agent, Sir George Rumbold, poſſeſſing and protected by a public character, which former barbarians held ſacred, and even the preſent ſavages reſpect.

Frere was born in the province of the ci-devant Loraine, and his father was a ſoldier in the regiment called La Couronne, where he, at eight years of age, was received as a drummer. During the anarchy which followed the revolution of 1789, he deſerted from Lille in Flanders, where this regiment was then quartered, went to Paris, and augmented the number of vagabonds, who, about that time, infeſted the capital, and under the appellation of patriots, proſcribed, plundered, and murdered, with impunity, all men of religion, rank, and property, as ariſtocrats. After the 10th of Auguſt, 1792, he was made, by the then commandant at Paris, Santerre, a lieutenant of the national guards of the ſection called Quatre Nations, and was ſo active during the terrible maſſacres of the enſuing September, that Marat, in a ſpeech at the jacobin club, printed in the Journal des Jacobins, of the 8th of September, 1792, did juſtice to his *patriotiſm*, and recommended him to advancement; and General Servan, the miniſter of the war department, immediately ſent him a commiſſion, as a captain in the ſame regiment, where he ſo lately had been a drummer; but this regiment being on the frontiers, fighting the Auſtrians and Pruſſians, Frere never joined it, preferring the ſafer and more profitable employment of denouncing and pillaging the diſarmed Pariſians.

When, in 1793, Henriot ſucceeded Santerre, in the command at Paris, he obtained for an aid-de-camp from Robeſpierre, Frere, who was at that time as cringing a courtier to his republican tyrant, as he has afterwards been to his ſucceſſors, Barras, Merlin, and Bonaparte. After the execution of Robeſpierre, in 1794, Frere ſhared the fate of his other ſycophants, and was arreſted as a terroriſt, but eſcaped death, and recovered his liberty, by turning evidence, and becoming a denouncer of the public accuſer, Fouquier-Tinville, and other accomplices of himſelf and of his former patron, Robeſpierre. It was after Bonaparte's

butchering in October, 1795, of 8000 men, women, and children, in the ſtreets of Paris, that Frere firſt made his acquaintance, and was, by his recommendation, made a chief of battalion, in the 77th demi-brigade, one of the corps which ſerved under him in Italy, during 1796 and 1797; but which did not accompany him to Egypt, in 1798.

When, in 1799, the jacobins again poſſeſſed the plurality in two councils at Paris, and dictated laws of terror to France, Frere was appointed by the miniſter of war, Dubois Creance, a chief of brigade in the guard of the council of five hundred. Having, when Bonaparte effected the revolution on the 9th of November of that year, deſerted over to him with his corps, he was in return appointed the commander of the conſular guard, in which capacity he remained until the invaſion of Hanover was determined upon, when he obtained the rank of a general in the army, deſtined for that expedition.

General Mortier, the firſt commander in chief of Bonaparte's army in Hanover, with all the other generals under him, were thoſe favourites of the firſt conſul, who before had either no opportunity to enrich themſelves, or who, like Frere, had, in debauchery and gambling, ſquandered away their former ill-begotten riches. Theſe men were all ſent to Hanover, as the Pariſians ſaid, to make their fortunes—and this partly explains the ruined ſtate of the electorate, and the ſeveral pecuniary requiſitions, under which the neutral, free, and imperial cities of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck, have been laid.

Frere is a tall, good looking man, about forty years of age, with the education of a drummer, the ſentiments of a *ſans-culotte*, the principles of a jacobin, the talents of a grenadier, and the pretenſions of a vain and audacious upſtart, whom revolution and crime, but not merit, have puſhed forward in the career of rebelliion. A ſlave to Bonaparte, as to Robeſpierre, he will continue the ſame to all who pay him, employ him, and permit him to oppreſs his inferiors, with an inſolence, ſurpaſſed only by his baſeneſs to his ſuperiors.

According to "The Secret Hiſtory of the Battle of Marengo," p. 45, "Frere is even deſtitute of that temerity remarkable in many of his fellow-rebels, who, like himſelf, having every thing to expect from ſucceſs, and every thing to apprehend from defeat, fight with a deſpair, which ignorance or diſaffection has choſen to call courage. On that unfortunately famous day, when the imbecility of a Melas gave up Italy to the treachery of Bonaparte, Frere's name was upon the ſick liſt; and on all the former days, when fortune and number procured the Corſican victories in Italy, he was either ill in the hoſpital, or, as a convaleſcent invalid, guarding the baggage." His firſt military atchievement was, therefore, the honourable capture of a diſarmed and unguarded Briton, in the neutral Hamburgh,

Hamburgh, with the aid of the bayonets of four hundred *valourous* Frenchmen, worthy to be headed by ſuch a *valourous* commander, in performing ſuch a *glorious* exploit.

LADY GLENORCHY's CONVERSION.

AN EXTRACT.

WILHELMINA MAXWELL, Lady Glenorchy, was the younger of two daughters left by Dr. William Maxwell, of Preſton, a gentleman of high reſpectability and large fortune, in Galloway, North Britain; and was born at Preſton, anno 1742. Dr. Maxwell died four months before the birth of his youngeſt daughter; and his widow, now the venerable Lady Alva, wiſhing to perpetuate the name of a huſband ſo dear, called the fatherleſs child Wilhelmina. She watched over the education of both daughters with maternal ſolicitude, and endeavoured to preſerve them from the vortex of faſhionable pleaſure. The oldeſt was married at Edinburgh, 1761, to William earl of Sutherland; the youngeſt was married at London ſome months afterwards, to John Lord Viſcount Glenorchy, only ſon of the earl of Breadalbane. The earl of Sutherland and counteſs died within a few days of each other, and left an only daughter two months old. That daughter, the preſent marchioneſs of Stafford, formerly counteſs of Sutherland, was educated under the direction of her grandmother, Lady Alva; and received kind attention from her aunt, Lady Glenorchy.

This worthy lady, whoſe tenderneſs for orphans was increaſed by her own premature widowhood, was formed for a ſuperior place in ſociety. Her underſtanding was naturally ſtrong and capacious, and her memory retentive. Her mind was poliſhed by a liberal education, and richly furniſhed with ideas. Her perſon was agreeable, her manner engaging, her fancy brilliant, and attended by a conſtant flow of ſpirits and good humour. Born to wealth, and allied to a rich houſe, ſhe was fitted to make a diſtinguiſhed figure among the great, and in courts. In early life, as might be expected from theſe circumſtances, this accompliſhed young lady was filled with vanity, was fond of dreſs, and attached to gay amuſements; but, as Moſes, "when he was come to years, refuſed to be called the ſon of Pharaoh's daughter, chuſing rather to ſuffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon; eſteeming the reproach of Chriſt greater riches than the treaſures of Egypt," in like manner, ſhe, in all the bloom of youth, with all worldly pleaſure at her command, laid herſelf, her fortune, her honours, and her talents, at the foot of the croſs. About the twenty-third

year of her age ſhe was viſited with ſickneſs; in recovering from which, her thoughts were involuntarily turned to the firſt queſtion and anſwer of that form of ſound words which is given in the aſſembly's catechiſm, "what is the chief end of man? It is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." Muſing on theſe words, they arreſted her attention, and naturally led her to put to herſelf the important queries: have I anſwered the deſign of my being? have I glorified God? ſhall I enjoy him for ever?"

Reviewing her life of thoughtleſs gaiety, ſhe found there was no connection between ſuch conduct and the glorifying and enjoying of God; and that, conſequently, hitherto, ſhe had not anſwered the chief end of her exiſtence. Her conſcience was awakened; and, for a conſiderable time, ſhe laboured under that anxiety and fear which uſually attend ſuch a ſtate of mind.

But, on reading the 5th chapter of the epiſtle to the Romans, ſhe diſcovered the way whereby the great God could be juſt, and yet the juſtifier of the believer in Jeſus. She believed, her underſtanding was enlightened, her conſcience relieved, and her mind reſtored to peace. The fruits of her faith ſoon gave the moſt unequivocal evidence to the truth of the happy change which had taken place in her mind.

For ſome time ſhe endeavoured to avoid the ridicule which attends true religion, by concealing it, and mingling in the ſociety and amuſements to which ſhe had been accuſtomed; but ſhe ſoon found it impoſſible to ſupport the ſpirit and practice of religion, and at the ſame time be conformed to the manners of the world. She therefore openly avowed her religion, and renounced the ſinful enjoyments of the world. From this time, her whole life was one continued courſe of devotion: her cloſet was a little ſanctuary for God, to which ſhe habitually retired with avidity and pleaſure. In her family there was always an altar for God, and from which, with the morning and the evening, regularly aſcended ſocial prayer and praiſe. She loved the houſe of God; and the moſt painful circumſtance of her frequent ill health, in the laſt years of her life, was, her being detained by it from public worſhip.

H. ENGLAND.

Academy, Caſtle-Cary, November 1, 1804.

CHARACTER *of the* MALTESE.

[From Boiſgelin's Hiſtory of Malta.]

THE Malteſe, though continually ſubject to different nations, have always preſerved their original character; which ſufficiently

ficiently proves their deſcent, and at the ſame time, ſhews that they have mixed very little with any of the people who have by turns governed their country.

Their countenances announce an African origin. They are ſhort ſtrong, plump, with curled hair, flat noſes, turned up lips, and the colour of their ſkins is the ſame as that of the inhabitants of the ſtates of Barbary: their language is alſo ſo nearly the ſame, that they perfectly underſtand each other.

It is, perhaps, as much owing to the ſituation of Malta, as to the different ſtrangers who have viſited and conquered the iſland, that the Malteſe have become very induſtrious, active, faithful, economical, courageous, and the beſt ſailors in the Mediterranean. But notwithſtanding theſe good qualities, they ſtill retain ſome of the defects generally attributed to the Africans: and are mercenary, paſſionate, jealous, vindictive, and addicted to thieving. They have likewiſe ſometimes recalled the idea of the *Punica fides*. They are fantaſtical and ſuperſtitious in the higheſt degree, but their ignorance does not unfit them for the cultivation of the arts.

They are remarkably ſober; a clove of garlic, or an onion, anchovies dipped in oil, and ſalt-fiſh, being their uſual diet. On great feſtivals, they eat pork. Hogs are very common in the towns and villages; many of theſe animals belong to the church and to different convents, and walk about the ſtreets both night and day, where they pick up ſufficient nouriſhment. They are ſeldom moleſted, and never ſtolen.

There are no people in the world more attached to their country then the Malteſe; and their conſtant hope is to end their days in what they dignify with the title of *Flore del Mundo* (The Flower of the World).

The Malteſe women are little, and have beautiful hands and feet. They have fine black eyes, though they ſometimes appear to ſquint, owing to their always looking out of the ſame eye; half of the face being covered with a ſort of veil made of black ſilk, called *ſaldetta*, which they twiſt about very gracefully, and arrange with much elegance. The women, even of the higheſt rank, unlike their huſbands, conſtantly preſerve their coſtume: and any one who ſhould adopt the French faſhion would make herſelf very ridiculous. They are extremely fond of gold and ſilver ornaments, and it is not uncommon to ſee even the peaſants loaded with trinkets of thoſe two metals. Their dreſs conſiſts of a ſhort ſhift, called *kmis;* of a linen or cotton under petticoat, termed *ideil;* of a coloured upper one, which is generally blue, open on one ſide, called *gkeſuira;* and of a corſet with ſleeves, termed *ſidria*. The back part of their neck-kerchief is faſtened up to the head; and the hair, which is ſmooth, well powdered and pomatumed, is dreſſed in front in the form of a ſugar loaf, much in the ſtyle of the *toupees a la Greque*,

Greque, ſo long worn by the men. They ornament their necks with gold and ſilver chains; ſometimes, indeed, with necklaces of precious ſtones: their arms are loaded with bracelets, and their ear-rings are in general more expenſive than elegant.[1] Their ſhoe-buckles are extremely large, and always either of ſolid gold or ſilver.

The Malteſe baronneſſes live very retired, and in the moſt exemplary manner. The morals of the women in the country retain all their original purity; and if libertiniſm is to be remarked any where, it is among thoſe women who inhabit cities, and who, having no other reſource but obtaining ſome office for their relations, are ſometimes obliged to diſpoſe of their favours in order to procure it. To complete the portrait of the inhabitants of Malta, and to give a ſtill better idea of their character, it will be neceſſary to enter into ſome particulars relative to their ancient and modern cuſtoms and ceremonies.

The Malteſe, either from a wiſh to imitate the oriental manners, the ſeverity of which they had witneſſed in the Arabs, or from the example of the jealous Spaniards, formerly kept their wives in the ſtricteſt retirement. The prudent inhabitants of the country conſtantly repeated to their children, 'that women ſhould never appear but twice in public; the day they were married, and when they were buried.' They were, therefore, always employed within doors, and never went out, except at a very early hour to church, when they were entirely covered by a long large mantle. This *coſtume* came originally from Sicily, and reached from the head to the feet: the forehead and eyes alone were viſible; but the upper part of the mantle was cut in a different manner for unmarried women, the former wearing it round, and the latter in a pointed form.

Sometime afterwards, when the fair ſex was allowed a proper degree of liberty, and the deſire of pleaſing increaſed with the opportunity of inſpiring admiration, the women threw off this heavy garment, which not only kept them concealed, but was extremely unpleaſant: they however, conſtantly wore veils; which, they conceived, decency required to be black, and the only colour they could with propriety wear when abſent from their own homes."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE winter approaches without preciſely making itſelf felt; thus the velvet bonnets are but ſeldom ſeen, and great coats are only worn on leaving the theatre, and for walking; velvet bonnets are made entirely of black velvet, with a large flower made of the ſame in the front. During the laſt few days they have been worn with amazon dreſſes. Roſe-coloured ſatin is

ſtill the faſhionable colour for hats, and ſcarcely any lively coloured red is ſeen. The bonnets have in general very ſmall borders; the capotes, on the contrary, let them be made either of ſilk or ſtraw, have in their fronts a projecting peak, which is exceſſively large. Some milleners uſe worked velvet ribbons; but in general the ribbons are plain, and, according to cuſtom, very wide. Flowers are leſs common.

For the undreſs, ſeveral faſhionable ladies wear ſmall bonnets with a lace ground, and ſhells in the front part, which take the place of the butterfly, or in plaits formed into a flower called la geueule de loup. The ſhells on all kinds of head dreſſes, with a ſingle row of them behind, are put in cluſters in the front, ſo as to form a chou,* a large flower, or diadem. Many turbans have been made during the laſt few days. Cloth ſhawls have not yet been ſeen. Our belles keep to the long ſhawls, which are more graceful, and admit of more variation in the manner of wearing.

Court Faſhions.

The faſhions, which, ſince the laſt few years, had the inconvenience of being unceaſingly at variance, of being as ſoon replaced as known, are going to take a regular ſtep, and become again beautiful and majeſtic. Already the ladies who frequent the court are prohibited wearing any other ſtuffs than thoſe of France. The velvets and the ſatins appear to be generally adopted, which are principally made into trains, for the court. Theſe tails or trains are a kind of trailing mantles, which are attached to the gown, and have in general an elegant embroidery all round. This embroidery muſt not exceed four inches; the princeſſes alone have the permiſſion of extending it at pleaſure.

With reſpect to the colours, they are at the pleaſure of the ladies; but thoſe which appear moſt generally adopted are the roſe, the white, the green, the poppy, and the blue lapis.

The gentlemen's coſtume is alſo fixed; colours and embroideries after Iſabey's deſigns have been aſſigned for them.

Fringes, which, fifteen years ſince, formed but an inſignificant branch of induſtry, have been ſo much diverſified and improved, and formed into ſo many different ſorts of taſſels, that the fringe buſineſs is now one of the firſt in Paris. Several houſes employ nearly a hundred perſons each in making this article of luxury.

* The literal meaning of this word is cabbage.

COMPANIONS *or* FRIENDS.

THEY are thoſe accommodating perſons whom ſome people of rank love to have conſtantly with them, for the purpoſe of

of applauding whatever they do or ſay; whoſe buſineſs it is to prevent diſagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious, as they themſelves are abject, ſelfiſh, and perfidious.

CONTRAST *between the* LOVER *and the* HUSBAND.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

THE following ſentences were put to paper by a ſet of ſaucy fair ones, in the preſence of their huſbands, whom, forſooth, they accuſe of having adopted ſince their marriage a phraſeology different from that which they uſed when lovers. If you think this female production not altogether unworthy of a place in your Entertainer, your inſerting it will oblige ſeveral of your conſtant readers, and particularly

BENEDICT.

The Lover.—" You do every thing well, madam."

The Huſband.—" My dear, you don't ſeem to me to know how to do any thing."

The Lover.—" How well you look to-day, indeed you are charming in any dreſs."

The Huſband.—" How frightful you are, I wiſh you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly."

The Lover.—" That's a pretty cap, how elegant is your taſte!"

The Huſband.—" That hideous hat! My dear, you never will learn to dreſs yourſelf."

The Lover.—" What pretty ſentiments, how well you expreſs yourſelf on every ſubject."

The Huſband.—" You know not how to talk on any ſubject as you ought to do, therefore pray hold your tongue."

The Lover.—" Let me know your opinion, my dear madam, it ſhall ever guide me."

The Huſband.—" What does it ſignify, my dear, what you ſay on the ſubject, I never conſult women."

The Lover.—" How neatly you carve that fowl, it is a pleaſure to ſee you."

The Huſband.—" How awkward you are! the meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and after all, it is done in ſuch a manner, that I cannot eat it."

The Lover.—" I am ſo concerned to ſee you indiſpoſed, can I offer nothing that will be of ſervice to you, Madam?"

The Huſband.—" It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold, you never take care of yourſelf."

LEAD COFFINS.

ON this ſubject the late learned Mr. Cole has left behind him the following obſervations: "When I was at Debden, in Eſſex, at Dr. Cock's induction, they were taking the bones and coffins out of the old vault belonging to the family of Stonehouſe, and putting them into an hole in the church-yard, in order to fit it up for Mr. Chiſwell's family.

"This made me often reflect on the folly of vaults and leaden coffins. Once in an hundred or an hundred and fifty years, and families ſeldom laſt longer, a new proprietor takes poſſeſſion for himſelf; and the old inhabitants, even of a grave or reſting place, are turned out to make room for new comers; who in their turn are ſerved in the ſame way. If the bodies are put in leaden coffins, theſe are ſent to the plumbers, with part of their inhabitants, and melted down for other purpoſes.

"So that a man has a better chance to keep poſſeſſion of his grave undiſturbed, if ſix feet of mother earth are allotted him in ſome obſcure part of the church-yard, than in the moſt ſumptuous vault that can be prepared."

AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain preſbyterian divine, who uſed occaſionally to viſit the late marquis of Bute, was one day railing againſt one or two of his lordſhip's acquaintance with great aſperity. The place where the converſation took place was acroſs a library table, on which lay a Bible. His lordſhip, after having liſtened a very ſhort time to his viſitor, cried out, "Stop, Sir, pray what book is that which lies before you?" "A Bible, my lord." "Well, Sir, but that book directs you to keep your tongue from evil ſpeaking, and from ſlander; how is it that you, more particularly as a divine, preſume to diſobey its injunctions?"

This reproof, coming from a perſon of his high rank and great abilities, could not fail to have a great effect on one who probably was looking up to his lordſhip for patronage.

A QUESTION, *by W. Quant, Land-Surveyor.*

THERE is a triangular field, whoſe three ſides are 20, 15, and 12 chains reſpectively. How far from the vertical angle muſt I meaſure to cut off a part of the ſaid field by a line parallel to the baſe, whoſe area ſhall be equal to 3-5ths of that of the ſaid field? And what are the three ſides of the triangular part cut off? An algebraic ſolution is required.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to G. Coulman's Charade, inſerted September 24.

INGENIOUS Sir, it ſeems to me
The office is VICE-ROYALTY.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. and Inamoratus, of Aſhburton; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; and S. Murch, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted the 24th of September.

KIND Sir, 'twas at GOOD HOPE ſo fam'd,
The hero Cook is him you nam'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. Callaway, of Stalbridge; Inamoratus, of Aſhburton; E. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Strong, and W. Commins, of Exeter; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

A REBUS, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

INGENIOUS youths, a part tranſpoſe,
Within yourſelf is found;
And if you would my next diſcloſe,
A beaſt you muſt expound:
And on my whole the fair and gay
To diſtant places often ſtray.

A CHARADE, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

THE conqu'ring hero, when the fight is o'er,
In my triumphant firſt doth often ride;
Anon, my next, in ſhouts along the ſhore,
Reſound the victor's praiſe, their boaſt and pride.
Survey my whole, in Flora's gay parterre,
Where luſcious ſweets perfume the ambient air.

A CHARADE, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

A Meaſure, gents. tranſpos'd aright,
Will bring my firſt unto your ſight;
My ſecond, Sirs, is very plain,
For its a tree you ſoon will name:
My whole will bring a place to view,
Which Goadby's page doth often ſhew.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

MY firſt, ye bards, you'll find among
The woody and the tow'ring throng;
Metal, my ſecond, will define,
Ere by the ordeal 'tis refin'd.
And when from war our nation's free,
'Tis here the tars repair with glee,
To toaſt their friends in canns of grog,
And raiſe the ſong, with heart agog.

POETRY.

SKETCH *of the* COTTAGE.

By the Rev. J. BIDLAKE.

SEE yonder hovel! mark the tottering roof!
Againſt no angry pelting tempeſt proof;
See thro' the broken pane, with viſit rude,
Each wind familiarly dares intrude!
While hourly trembling in the crumbling wall,
Suſpenſive danger threats its inſtant fall.
Within the ſqualid family complain
Of lingering want, and ever during pain;
There to their rugged beds the hungry creep,
And try to loſe their griefs in friendly ſleep:
There, ſad companions! dwell lean waſting care,
Chill penury, and hopeleſs fix'd deſpair.
Yet there ſome ſolitary joys are found,
With friendly balm, to heal the gnawing wound.
There love not frighted from the ſooty cell,
With wretchedneſs is ſtill content to dwell;
Life's charity that ſmooths the wrinkled brow,
And gilds the gloom of all our pains below.
E'en friendſhip there will not diſdain to reſt,
Nor ſleep, who loves to doſe on labour's breaſt.

See o'er her ſleeping babe the mother bends,
The cradle rocks, and all its ſlumber tends.
Ah! ſee how anxious love, and tender fear,
Faſt from her lids diſtil the trembling tear;
Affection's tears, more worth than gems can own,
That beauty deck, or glitter in a crown.
Thou cradled babe! how does my boſom beat
To think what ills thy future paths await:
Pride on thy humble birth ſhall ſternly frown,
And dark oppreſſion claim thee for his own:
And thou adverſity e'er doom'd to taſte,
A ſpring bud ſtruggling in the wildeſt waſte;
Yet one hope cheers; if miſery frown around,
Yet ſtill with tender care thy birth is crown'd;
Yet he who dooms to thorny paths thy birth
Shall yet give comforts on this dreary earth.
Amid this world of woe, the gilded ray
Of cheerful hope, illumes the drearieſt way,
The officious deeds of tender duty give
A cordial balm to keep that hope alive!
Wealth may buy ſlaves, but wealth cannot procure
What muſt be e'er unbought, if it be pure;
And tho' the ſharpeſt pangs of ill we prove,
Life's bitter draught is ſweet to ALL thro' LOVE.

The Caſtle Builder: Or, The French at their Journey's End.

WE'RE told that the French to invade us intend,
And no wonder if Bonaparte's madneſs thus end,
For that man is moſt likely, it muſt be allow'd,
In the *air* to *build caſtles* who lives at *St. Cloud*.

They'll

They'll come, we are told, or fame makes a *faux pax*,
In balloons to be filled with the ſmoke of burnt ſtraw,
And its quite *apropos* that a plan, without joke,
Which is founded in *vapour* ſhould finiſh in *ſmoke*.

Then ſome ſay they'll come here in flat-bottom'd boats,
To reap a good harveſt, and ſow their wild oats;
But the harveſt they fancy to reap will be ſmaſh'd,
And their oats and themſelves get confoundedly threſh'd.

But how to get here the French needn't take pains,
To projects this or that way, or puzzle their brains,
Let them once put to ſea, and they'll ſoon find eſcorts,
For our ſailors will pilot them into our ports.

As a proof that they'll come, the French ev'ry day toaſt,
"That Frenchman who firſt ſets his foot on our coaſt;"
But he'll not keep his footing I'll wager a crown,
So let us toaſt, "The Briton that firſt knocks him down."

The LAWYERS' DEFIANCE.

TO oppoſe *birds of prey* we take *birds of a feather*,
To meet French chicane here's the LAW *altogether!*
A more terrible band was ne'er muſter'd before,
For the humouriſts ſtyle us "the devil's own corps."

If the French ſhould "*a latitat*" chooſe when they land,
We have ſtill our old trick of "*a capias*" at hand:
But ſhould they, more bold, take the country at large,
What troops in the world are like us—at a *charge?*

They tell us "for plunder they viſit our coaſt;"
We truſt on that ſcore they'll have little to boaſt;
For tho' in deſtruction they've always been ſteady,
Engliſh property's ſafe: we've ſecur'd it already.

The French are ill-cloth'd, and may want our ſheeps' wool;
Leave the ſkin but for parchment—we'll ſoon be ſkinfull;
And our uniform boaſts this advantage to boot,
E'en the wearers lament—there's no end of *our ſuit*.

Threats of ſhedding our blood may affright us they think,
What are torrents of blood to—a bottle of ink?
Well arm'd as they are, we're as terrible ſtill,
And one weapon we boaſt more tremendous—the *quill*.

Let us treat then theſe French like our clients—as ſport,
And beg them to come, if they dare—into COURT;
The COSTS will be *their's:* while our boaſt is and pride,
That Engliſhmen ſtill have the LAW on their ſide.

I. O. U.

ON A MOST EXCELLENT WOMAN.

SUCH ſweetneſs and goodneſs together combin'd,
So beauteous her face, and ſo bright is her mind,
So loving yet chaſte, and ſo humble yet fair,
So comely her ſhape, and ſo decent her air,
So ſkilful that nature's improv'd by her art,
So prudent her head, and ſo bounteous her heart,
So wiſe, without pride, and ſo modeſtly neat,
'Tis ſtrange! this agreeable creature's a cheat;
For tho' ſhe to man for a mortal was given,
Theſe virtues betray her extraction from Heaven.